THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, November* 8, 1806. [No. 44.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ITALY,

Being the Continuation of a Series.

Florence, January 31, 1806.

IT is difficult for a passing stranger to catch the spirit, or examine deeply the policy of any government. But the politics of Tuscany float on the surface. Florence is governed by a woman. The name epitomizes all that is weak and helpless and decrepid. Nature seems to have declared that neither priests nor women should ever reign. The human heart is their natural, and ought to be their only, empire; over this wide dominion religion and love may alternately rule, but never pass. Yet I avow myself a much greater admirer of female than of clerical government. The vibrations of a woman's temper, though they may turn you aside, at least preserve you from sinking; but Catholic priesthood tends always to the bottom.

The present Queen was born, if the obsequious almanac can be trusted, in 1782, and was, a few years since, left a widow and the regent of Tuscany. She is in person not handsome, but has the appearance of grace and dignity. Her character is that of a prudent personage, but a woman. Her highest ambition is to drive a coach and four with her own hands in the Cassino, and her most shining talents are displayed in her execution of it. The son, who is the actual king, and about seven years of age, has not yet been pronounced, either by maternal fondness or courtly discernment, a progidy; and my republican eyes could discover nothing about the young princess, in her nurse's arms, which distinguished her from other babies. The Queen reigns despotically, having nothing in the form of the government to control her. Her labours are divided between a council of finance, of state, and of war; all of which, however, seem to be governed by the genius, and almost to center in the person, of a certain Mozzi. With regard to these three objects, it is very difficult to obtain accurate data. The late king Leopold, who had too much discretion to conceal the situation of his country, published, in 1790, a work to illustrate its resources and to point out the means by which he proposed to augment them. Since that time, a new system has superseded his candor and his talents, and the changes which have affected all its neighbours have of course altered the position of Tuscany. Its *finances* are not, however, very considerable; the government having few wants. But, having also few ports of commerce, and its principal one, Leghorn, being exempted from duties, the burden of taxes falls upon the agriculturist, who is therefore more oppressed than if trade contributed its portion. That *trade* consists in the exportation of the original produce of the country, and the re-exportation of what is deposited there. The first objects are not very numerous; for, although Tuscany embraces a country thirty leagues wide

and forty long, as rich and well cultivated as any of Italy, yet, beside the grain and some oil, the exports are chiefly straw hats and a few fruits. The re-exportations are principally the wines of Corsica; those of Florence, though good, being too light for exportation; the oils of Calabria, and the produce of Greece and the Levant. The chief commerce is, indeed, that of deposit, its situation making it convenient for all parts of the Mediterranean, and at the present moment, its neutrality, its freedom from duty, and the ruin of the French commerce, gives it considerable advantages. Its imports are chiefly, as I have mentioned, the productions of the Levant, and the sugars, coffee, and tobacco of America. The free exportation of grain was among the wise and liberal acts of Leopold. The establishment of this great principle, for which the economists of France have so long and so ineffectually struggled, was occasioned by a famine, and was found to operate very beneficially. But of late years (I am not certain, but I think) they have permitted this law to become obsolete, though without actually repealing it.

The *state* department, which concerns its political connexions, is nominally filled by Florentines, and regulated by the Queen. But all the wires are moved by Beauharnois, the uncle of the vice-roy of Italy, and the French minister here, who, though he stands behind the curtain, is constantly to be perceived through it. His government not only decides all the foreign relations, but descends to the minutest interior arrangements of Tuscany. This state of things, however, will not last long. The political storm is blowing so much harder that the small boats can no longer be towed, but must come on board of the large vessels. Tuscany would be another kingdom to reward some deserving soldier; it would be a pleasant addition to the kingdom of Italy; and the prince of Piombino and Lucca would wish to extend his territories, at present too small for a brother of the emperor. The small countries seem all in a dangerous condition, and I expect that Florence will soon exchange the shadow for the memory of its independence.

The *war* division of the government cannot boast of any distinguished officer; but three thousand men, covered with lace, parade in the squares, and attend the Queen to the play. Such is at least the number of standing troops, and the objects which chiefly occupy them.

But, whatever may be said of the government, the people of Tuscany enjoy, I believe, more happiness than most of the Italian states. They are neither burning with the fever of the vice-royalty, nor palsied by the lethargic influence of Papal government. The military conscription, the most oppressive of all taxes, because it operates at once on the property and the feelings, has not yet reached them.

Their soil is fertile, and their country in general flourishing. The city of Florence is not the most flourishing part of it, as it has no commerce; and the prosperity of the citizens has been exposed to the influence of the great events which have been so destructive to the neighbouring nations. The Florentines have, however, been fortunate in escaping many of these evils. They have prudently bent before the storm which they could not resist, and have purchased, at the price of insult and partial loss, an exemption from total ruin. The passage of the French troops, the carrying off of one of Raphael's paintings, and of the Venus de Medicis, may be ranked among the most serious evils which have been caused *directly* by the French revolution.

The people of Florence had once the reputation of being hospitable. They have now lost that character. The situation of their country, and the unfortunate war which threatens to desolate Italy, has banished urbanity, and at present there is scarcely any society. The women are, however, handsome, and we are told that the Roman face has preserved itself more purely at Florence than even at Rome itself. Since my arrival, the Carnival has begun. This has not, however, given much additional gaiety to the city, though it has

opened the theatres and the masquerades.

The state of letters and the arts would be an interesting subject of inquiry in a country which was their cradle, but their present history is short and melancholy. The reigning Queen has scarcely taste or fortune enough to be a liberal patroness; and, although the academy of arts boasts many students, yet, Rome is too far her superior to permit her to count any artist of distinction. The elegant models, which her collections contain, serve only to enlighten her neighbours, without giving life or warmth to herself.

The cause of letters was well supported by the Della Crusca, the Florentine and the Apatisti academies; the first of which is most known abroad by its exertions in fixing the idiom of the language. But all these three institutions were blended together in 1783, in order to form the Royal Florentine Academy, which is now the support of Florentine literature. Yet it would seem that its zeal is not oppressive. The academy, according to the candid and expressive avowal of a member, meets *in the summer months*. They read memorials, but never print them, nor do they possess many men known beyond the bounds of their city. But it would be unreasonable to expect that much attention should be given to actual literature, whilst so little was paid to gather and preserve the past. Until the time of Roscoe, Florence itself was without an elegant or accurate history of its great benefactor; and it was reserved for a distant Islander to reflect from afar the lucid image of the virtues which were once her honour and now her reproach. This noble effort, which is well known and appreciated here, might have awakened the slumbering indifference of the Florentines. But they slept till they felt a new impulse from abroad. Lord Aberdeen, one of that class which has resisted, longer than any other nobility, the corrosion of hereditary wealth and unblushing idleness, directed a search through all the libraries for manuscripts of Lorenzo. His inquiries were very successful, but before receiving the papers from the hands of the librarians, he went on an excursion to Naples, where he embarked for Constantinople. This took place about two or three years ago, and they have never since heard from him. The keeper of the Lorenzo library, who now possesses them, tells me that unless he receives some directions from Lord Aberdeen, he may publish them himself in five or six months. Yet, why does not the fortune and the genius of Florence eagerly seize these relics, which now depend on the caprice of foreigners? I have seen these manuscripts. They consist of poems by Lorenzo himself, and by his sons Peter and Julian. Those of Lorenzo are songs and sonnets; those of Peter are chiefly sonnets; those of Julian songs and sonnets, but more of the first than of the second. Of the two children of Lorenzo, Julian seems to have inherited the largest portion of his talents. In the present collection, the works of Julian are the most numerous and the most esteemed. I hope they will shortly be given to the world.

You see what a scribbler I become when the rage of writing seizes me. I am almost frightened at the race I have run. In wishing to select some points of interest, I have wandered far and wide; yet, my subject is Florence, and this letter is addressed to ——.

P. S. I shall leave Florence in a day or two for Rome, as I wish to see the so-much-talked-of Roman Carnival.

For the Port Folio.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, MAY 24.

The King v. *Jukes.*

THEATRICAL FRACAS.—Mr. Parke stated that this was an indictment charging the defendant with an insult upon Mr. Henry Erskine Johnston, of Covent Garden Theatre. The indictment which he was about to open grew out of an evil which, he lamented to state, had of late years increased prodigiously. It was an evil which all good men and every father of a family most deeply lamented and deplored. So long as such

a nuisance existed, no man who had any regard for his daughters, or for morality and common decency, could attend the Theatre. What he alluded to was the disgraceful conduct of ladies, and men of a certain description who frequented the boxes, and who generally disturbed and annoyed not only those nearest them, but also the whole of the audience. He then stated that he believed the whole of the Jury had heard of Mr. Johnston as a very respectable performer. He had been married for some years to a lady of the most unexceptionable character, who was also a popular actress at Covent-Garden Theatre.

On the 14th of November last, a new play was acted, in which Mrs. Johnston had a prominent part. Mr. Johnston went to the upper boxes of the Theatre, with a party of friends, to witness the performance. A Mr. Mingay, and two women, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Ross, ladies notorious in the lobby of the Theatre, went into the adjoining box, where a gentleman and his family were sitting.—At the drawing of the curtain, Mingay, with his female friends, interrupted the business of the stage in such a manner, as to destroy the effect of the scene. A general vociferation of "Silence!" was heard from the surrounding boxes, and amongst others Mr. Johnston so spoke. The defendant joined the noisy company at the end of the first act, and in the second they began to make satirical remarks on the dress of Mrs. H. Johnston, not only very unpleasant to the feelings of her husband, but to the annoyance of every one near to them. The defendant continued his illiberal remarks, and noticed an ornament worn by the favourite actress in her head dress, resembling a 74 gun ship, in honor of the immortal Nelson's victory, which he construed into a subject which roused the indignation of those who heard him. Mr. Johnston sat in the box as a public character, content with the ridicule, until roused with laudable indignation for an amiable wife, when he attempted to get a constable, and in so doing, the defendant impeded his way to the door, and struck him.

The Learned Counsel hoped that the Jury, by their verdict, would shew to the world, that the conduct of these lobby loungers was not to be tolerated with impunity: and that in so doing they would render a most essential service to the public, if not entirely in ridding the house of these pests of society, they would at least give them a salutary lesson. The Learned Counsel called evidence to prove the fact.

Mr. H. E. Johnston stated, that on the 14th of November he was in company with a party at the Theatre, to witness the success of a new piece, entitled "The Delinquent." They took their station in the second tier. Soon after they were annoyed by Mr. Mingay and two women of the town, who at the end of the first act, were joined by the defendant. They conducted themselves in a very noisy manner, making satirical remarks on the piece and performers, so that the ears of every one in the surrounding boxes were offended with expressions indelicate and disgusting. Several persons remonstrated with them, but they treated them with contempt.

Mr. Keating, Miss Phillips, and several very respectable witnesses, who were in the box, corroborated the prosecutor in his statement. The defendant, after consulting his counsel, made no defence, and Lord Ellenborough ordered the Jury to find him guilty.

There was an action also against Mr. Johnston, for an assault, arising out of the same circumstances, to which a verdict of not guilty was recorded.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 7.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM II.—BY TARAFA.

This poem was occasioned by a little incident highly characteristic of pastoral manners. Tarafa and his brother, Mabed, jointly possessed a herd of camels, and had agreed to watch them alternately, each on his particular day, lest, as they were grazing, they should be driven off by a tribe with which their

own clan was at war; but our poet was so immersed in meditation, and so wedded to his muse, that he often neglected his charge, and was sharply reproved by his brother, who asked him, sarcastically, *whether, if he lost the camels, they could be restored by his poetry?* "You shall be convinced of it," answered Tarafa; and persisted so long in his negligence, that the whole herd was actually seized by the Modarites. This was more than he really expected; and he applied to all his friends for assistance in recovering the camels: among others, he solicited the aid of his cousin Malec, who, instead of granting it, took the opportunity of rebuking him with acrimony for his remissness in that instance, and for his general prodigality, libertinism, and spirit of contention; telling him, that *he was a disgrace to his family, and had raised innumerable enemies.*

'The defence of a poet was likely to be best made in poetical language; and Tarafa produced the following composition, in vindication of his character and conduct, which he boldly justifies in every respect, and even claims praise for the very course of life which had exposed him to censure.

'He glories in his passion for women; and begins, as usual, with lamenting the departure of his beloved Khaula, or the Tender Fawn; whose beauty he describes in a very lively strain. It were to be wished that he had said more of his mistress and less of his camel, of which he interweaves a very long, and no very pleasing, description.

'The rest of the poem contains an *éloge* on his own fortitude, sprightliness, liberality, and valour, mixed with keen expostulations on the unkindness and ingratitude of Malec, and with all the common topics in favour of voluptuousness: he even triumphs in having slain and dressed one of his father's camels, and blames the old man for his churlishness and avarice. It is a tradition preserved by Abu Obeida, that one of the chiefs, whom the poet compliments in the eightieth couplet, made him a present of a hundred camels, and enabled him, as he had promised, to convince his brother, *that poetry could repair his loss.*'

THE POEM OF TARAFA.

The mansion of Khaula is desolate, and the traces of it, on the stony hills of Tahmed, faintly shine, like the remains of blue figures, painted on the back of a hand! —*While I spoke thus to myself*, my companions stopped their coursers by my side, and said, "Perish not through despair, but "act with fortitude."

Ah! *said I*, the vehicles which bore away my fair one, on the morning when the tribe of Malec departed, and their camels were traversing the banks of Deda, resembled large ships, sailing from Aduli; or vessels of *the merchant* Ibn Yamin, which the mariner now turns obliquely, and now steers in a direct course; ships which cleave the foaming waves with their prows, as a boy at his play divides with his hand the collected earth.

In that tribe was a lovely antelope, with black eyes, dark ruddy lips, and a beautiful neck, gracefully raised to crop the fresh berries of eroe; a neck with two strings of pearls and topazes.

She strays from her young, and feeds with the herd of roes, in the tangled thicket, where she browzes on the edges of the wild fruit, and covers herself with a mantle of leaves: she smiles, and displays her bright teeth, rising from their dark-coloured bases, like a privet-plant in full bloom, which pierces a bank of pure sand moistened with dew: to her teeth the sun has imparted his brilliant water; but not to the part where they grow, which is sprinkled with bad ore, while the ivory remains unspotted. Her face appears to be wrapped up in a veil of sun beams: unblemished is her complexion, and her skin is without a wrinkle.

Such cares *as this*, whenever they oppress my soul, I dispel *by taking adventurous journeys*, on a lean yet brisk camel, who runs with a quick pace both morning and evening; sure-footed, firm and thin as the planks of a bier; whose course I hasten over long-trodden paths, variegated like a striped vest. She rivals the swiftest camels, even of the noblest breed; and her hind-feet rapidly follow her fore-feet, on the beaten way. In the vernal season, she grazes on yon two hills, among others of her race, whose teats are not yet filled with milk, and depastures the lawns, whose finest grass the gentle showers have made luxuriously green. She turns back at the sound of her rider's voice; and repels the caresses of a thick-haired russet stallion with the lash of her bushy tail, which appears as if the two wings of a large white eagle were transfixed by an awl to the bone, and hung waving round both her sides: one while it lashes the place of him who rides hindmost on her; another while, it

plays round her teats, which are become wrinkled and flaccid like a leathern bag, their milk no longer distending them. Her two haunches are plump, and compact as the two smooth valves of a lofty castle gate. Supple is her back-bone: her ribs are like the strongest bows; and her neck is firmly raised, on the well-connected vertebres. The two cavities under her shoulders are spacious as two dens of beasts among the wild lotus plants; and stiff bows appear to be bent under her sinewy loins. Her two thighs are exceedingly strong, and when she moves they diverge like two buckets carried from a well, in the hands of a robust drawer of water. *Her joints are well knit, and her bones solid*, like a bridge of Grecian architecture, whose builder had vowed, that he would enclose it with well-cemented bricks. The hair of her chin is of a reddish hue: her back is muscular: she takes long, yet quick, steps, with her hind-feet, and moves her fore-feet with agility; she tosses them *from her chest* with the strength and swiftness of cabus firmly pulled *by a nervous arm*; and her shoulders are bent like the rafters of a lofty dome: she turns rapidly from her path: exceedingly swift is her pace; long is her head; and her shoulders are strongly united to her sides. The white and hollow marks of the cords with which her burdens have been tied on her back, resemble pools of water on the smooth brow of a solid rock; marks, which sometimes unite and sometimes are distinct, like the gores of fine linen, which are sewed under the arms of a well-cut robe. Long is her neck; and, when she raises it with celerity, it resembles the stem of a ship, floating aloft, on the billowy Tigris. Her skull is firm as an anvil; and the bones, which the sutures unite, are indented, and sharp as a file. Her cheek is smooth and white as paper of Syria; and her lips, as soft as dyed leather of Yemen, exactly and smoothly cut. Her two eyes, like two polished mirrors, have found a hiding-place in the caverns of their orbits, the bones of which are like rocks, in whose cavities the waters are collected: thou beholdest them free from blemish or spot, and resembling in beauty those of a wild-cow, the mother of playful young, when the voice of the hunter has filled her with fear. Her ears truly distinguish every sound, to which she listens attentively in her nightly journeys, whether it be a gentle whisper or a loud noise; sharp ears, by which the excellence of her breed is known! ears, like those of a solitary wild-bull in the groves of Haumel. Her heart, easily susceptible of terror, palpitates with a quick motion, yet remains firm *in her chest*, as a round solid stone striking a broad floor of marble. If I please, she raises her head to the middle of her trappings, and swims with her fore-legs as swift as a young ostrich. If I please, she moves slowly; if not, she gallops, through fear of the strong lash formed of twisted thongs. Her upper lip is divided, and the softer part of her nose is bored: when she bends them towards the ground, her pace is greatly accelerated.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Singular anecdote of Timothy Brecknock, who was executed at Castlebar, in Ireland, with G. R. Fitzgerald, Esq.

In the year 1758, a man, committed to Newgate on a charge of highway robbery, sent for Mr. Brecknock, and requested he would undertake his defence. When Timothy came to him, his first question was, whether he had really committed the robbery or not: it is no matter whether you have or no, said Brecknock, you shall not be hanged; but it is necessary I should know the truth, that I may frame the defence accordingly. "Why indeed (replied the culprit) I did commit the robbery." "Very well," answered the Solicitor; "now tell me, have you any money?—How much can you command?" "I have somewhat above 100l. in cash and valuables."—"Very well, let me have 80l.; it is not for myself; I leave my reward to your generosity, when you are cleared; but I want the money for a particular purpose, and will give an account to you for every farthing of it. There are now five weeks to your trial, so I have time enough; and with time and money every thing can be done."—The sum was instantly given in bank notes, which the culprit had artfully concealed, and Mr. Brecknock proceeded to desire the criminal to give him a particular account of every circumstance of the robbery; which he did to the following purport:—That, five weeks before that time, he met a gentleman in a chariot with a footman behind, near the nine mile stone on the Barnet road, at half past eleven at night; that he stopped the carriage, and robbed him of 137 guineas, and some silver, but refused his watch, as he did not choose to deal in discoverable articles; that presently after, he found himself pursued by the coachman on one of the coach horses,

and rode down a lane out of the high road, but finding the lane close at the bottom, he leaped his horse over some pales, and quitting him, took to his heels across the fields, and got safe to town; that the coach horse, not being able to leap, his own horse had got clear, and come home of itself next morning. Thus he thought himself quite safe as to this affair; but that, shortly after, the gentleman's coachman met him on the same horse in Whitechapel, had him seized and carried before a magistrate, where his person was identified by the gentleman, the coachman, and the footman, who knew him by the bright moonlight; on this evidence he was fully committed for trial. "This is rather an ugly affair," said Brecknock; "however, don't fear, I'll bring you off; I shall not attempt to prove you elsewhere at the precise time of the robbery; for an *alibi* is a very dangerous defence, unless it can be well supported; and I don't care to trust your life to a set of rascally witnesses, who may be sifted by a close cross examination, or have their characters inquired into;—no, no, I shall act otherwise, you have only to make your heart easy, and plead *not guilty*.

At the next sessions the trial came on, and the gentleman, the coachman, and footman, deposed to every circumstance of the robbery, as above related; adding, that they were positive both to the horse and the man, whose face they had closely seen by the light of the moon, as his crape had fallen off when he first stopped the chariot, and the coachman had picked it up, when he unharnessed one of the coach horses to pursue the robber, by his master's permission. The prisoner was called upon to make his defence, when Mr. Brecknock addressed the court in these words:

"*My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury.*

"I have not the least doubt of the innocence of the unhappy person at the bar, though he stands here under very disagreeable circumstances. Inasmuch that, although he was in bed, in his own lodgings, at the very time the robbery was said to have been committed, yet he can prove that fact by no other testimony than that of his wife (and I know how little regard is usually paid to a wife witnessing for her husband), and of a child of five years old, who is too young to be admitted to an oath. I do not seek to impeach the veracity of the gentleman who is the prosecutor; his character is too well established. I have not the least doubt he was robbed in the manner he has sworn; yet, I am confident that the prisoner at the bar was not the person. In respect to the identity of the horse, I put that entirely out of the question, and will say, that a horse seen in the dark cannot be easily known in the light, at a distance of five weeks. There is scarcely a horse so singularly marked, as not to have others similarly marked; and, as a proof, there are four horses I have caused to be brought into the court yard, standing together with the prisoner's horse, which Mr. Sheriff has been so kind as to suffer to be brought hither; and, if the three witnesses agree in selecting, separately, the prisoner's horse, of which they are so very certain, from the rest, I will acquiesce in the prisoner's guilt. But, my Lords, and gentlemen of the Jury, I have still more to urge, in respect to the alledged identity of the horse; the prosecutor is, doubtless, impelled by a love of justice; but that love sometimes carries a man to an extreme of zeal. The coachman may have a love of justice, but when it is remembered that *the conviction of the prisoner will entitle him to a reward of* 40l. the court may be inclined to think him interested in the verdict, which you, gentlemen of the Jury, may bring in. The footman having heard some particulars sworn by his master and fellow servant, may believe them true, as being the same story.—The three witnesses have all declared that they recollected the prisoner's face, from having seen it clearly at the time of the robbery, by the strong light of the moon. Now, I have one witness that will undoubtedly set aside this concurrence of evidence. It is indeed an uninterested witness, a silent witness, yet one that will speak home to the conviction of the whole court. It is Ryder's Almanac; and if your Lordships

and gentlemen of the Jury, will take the trouble to look into it, you will find it utterly impossible that the witnesses could have seen the robber's face by the light of the moon; for you will see, on the night of the robbery, that the moon did not rise till sixteen minutes after three in the morning, consequently it could not give any light at half past eleven o'clock, near three hours before it rose; and if the witnesses are thus proved to be mistaken in the capital point of their evidence, no part of it can affect the prisoner. Having said this, he handed an Almanac up to the bench, in which it appeared plainly that the moon rose on that particular night, as Brecknock had said. The court and Jury being satisfied as to that point, the prisoner was immediately acquitted and discharged out of court, on paying his fees.

Mr. Brecknock prided himself on his ingenuity in deceiving the court; which, as he afterwards boasted, he effected in this manner. He had employed the money he had received from the highwayman in getting printed a new edition of Ryder's Almanac, exactly similar to the genuine edition, except that the lunations for the whole year had been changed, so as to make it appear that on the night of the robbery there was no moon. He had only half a dozen of copies struck off, one of which he presented to the bench, and lodged the other five in different hands in the court, to be produced in case any doubts had arisen, and another Almanac had been called for. The Recorder discovered the fraud some days after; but it was then too late, as the prisoner had been acquitted; and the Solicitor was not responsible for the error in the Almanac he produced, and which could not then be identified.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

That Dr. Johnson wrote the lives of Collins, Blake, and of some other public characters which appear in the Gentleman's Magazine, we have his own testimony; but he never, I believe, declared that he was the author of the life of John Bunyan (G. M. April 1765.) That he was, however, there is much strong internal evidence of style and language. Exempli gratia. "Every "reader is the very pilgrim whose pro- "gress is exhibited, and therefore ne- "cessarily refers his dangers and deli- "verances to himself; is alarmed by "the same fears, and animated by the "same hopes," &c.

I entertain no doubt that he was the compiler of 'A particular account of John Macnaughton,' published in the Supplement to the Gentleman's Magazine for 1761; vera incessu patuit. I also suspect he dressed up the account of the Robbery of Lord Harrington, which is to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, for January 1765. Here are two passages. "With what view the pistols were ordered does not appear, the robbery being to be perpetrated in secrecy and silence," &c. Again— "They were, however, discovered by an accident so remarkable, that it would have been blamed, as exceeding probability, if it had been made an incident in a novel," &c.

I make these suggestions with the hope that some person in London will attend to them; and that those pieces of the great Johnson, which are scattered, but may be easily distinguished, through a long series of the Gentleman's Magazine, may be collected in a portable volume and become the amicus omnium horarum.

I am, &c.

JOHN BULL.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

From a recital, by a naturalist, of the train of mischiefs produced by the air upon minerals, plants, animals, and man himself, a gloomy mind may be apt to dread this indulgent Nurse of Nature as a cruel and inexorable step-mother; but it is far otherwise; and, although we are sometimes injured, yet almost all the comforts and blessings of life spring from its propitious influence.

All must allow it to be a friend, to whose benefits we are constantly obliged: and yet, to this hour, philosophers are divided as to the nature of the obligation.

Our constitutions seem to correspond with the changes of the weather-glass; they are braced, strong and vigorous, with a large body of air upon them; they are languid, relaxed and feeble, when the air is light, and refuses to give our fibres their proper tone.

Address to Good Sense.

To Fancy let the poet raise
His bold enthusiastic lays,
To memory grateful tribute pour,
For all her rich collected store.

To thee, good sense, I lowly bow,
To thee I pay my sober vow;
Flattery in vain the bribe supplies,
'Tis thine her incense to despise.

Simple thine air, thine eye serene,
Thy charms more valued as more seen;
Proportion o'er thy form presides,
Utility thy motion guides.

Without thy genuine stamp imprest,
Vainly is mental wealth possest;
In vain imagination warms,
Creating gay or solemn forms.

In vain is Memory's crowded store,
And vain the Scholar's ancient lore,
Without thy ballast in the mind
The vessel veers with every wind.

Even virtue swerves without thy aid,
By sudden gusts of passion sway'd;
And Genius, an unrooted flower,
Blossoms and withers in an hour.

O thou, to whom I lowly bend,
Do thou thy votary's prayer attend;
Do thou her steady pilot be,
To guide her through life's shoaly sea.

Should she in Fancy's air balloon
Mount to steal radiance from the moon;
Then sudden sink, with curious eye
To search where Fancy's glow-worms lie.

Now, like the aëronaut* explore,
And count the waving ridges o'er;
Then sudden up the welkin rush,
Till forests seem a gooseberry bush.

Do thou her giddy flight restrain,
And call her back to earth again;
Let her thy temperate medium know,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.

---

* Capt. Sowder. See his account.

The Kiss, imitated from Secundus. Basium 7.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

Kisses are never, never sunder'd,
An hundred counted by the hundred,
The dying flame of love to rouse and
The hundred counted by the thousand,
The thousand by the million counted,
The million on the million mounted,
I'll give thee; kisses thrice a million,
For every drop in wave Sicilian,
For every star the heavens b-studding,
I'll give thy lips so softly budding,
Thy cheek, where blooms the red rose breaking,
Thy tell-tale eyes in silence speaking,
Unwearied give, if those canst bear a
Whole life of love, my sweet Nexra!

But when clos'd as shells, caressing,
Clos'd as shells thy soft lips pressing,
Thy cheek, where blooms the red rose breaking,
Thy tell-tale eyes in silence speaking,
Ah me, not mine these charms to gaze on!
Those tell-tale eyes in silence speaking,
That cheek, where blooms the red rose breaking,
Those lips that Love in laughter plays on,
Ah me, not mine to gaze on!

Laughter that, as Cynthia's splendid,
On his sunny steeds ascended,
Up the sky in triumph rushes,
Breaks the cloud, the tempest hushes—
Laughter, whose sweet graces golden
Were by me their charm beholden,
From my cheek the tear would banish,
Bid my sighs and sorrow vanish.

Ah me, what jealous wars are waging,
My eyes my lips in strife engaging;
My eager lips my eyes preventing,
My envious eyes my lips resenting,
Each so tenacious of its treasure,
Not Jove himself shall share their pleasure.

The inhabitants of India sustain an unceasing languor from the heats of their climate; and are torpid in the midst of profusion. For this reason, the Great Disposer of nature has clothed their country with trees of an amazing height, whose shade might defend them from the beams of the sun; and whose continual freshness might, in some measure, temperate their fierceness. From these shades the air receives refreshing moisture, and animals a cooling protection. The whole race of savage animals retire in the midst of the day to the very centre of the forests, not so much to avoid their enemy, man, as to find a defence against the raging

heats of the season. Boerhaave considered heat so prejudicial to health, that he was never seen to go near a fire.

Every thing that we see gives off its parts to the air, and has a little floating atmosphere of its own. The rose is encompassed with a sphere of its own odorous particles; while the nightshade infects the air with scents of a more ungrateful nature. The perfume of musk flies off in such abundance, that the quantity remaining becomes sensibly lightened by the loss. A thousand substances, that escape all our senses, we know to be there; the powerful emanations of the loadstone, the effluvia of electricity, the rays of light, and the insinuations of fire.

In order that the air should be wholesome, it is necessary that it should not be of one kind, but the compound of several substances; and the more various the composition to all appearance, the more salubrious. A man, therefore, who continues in one place, is not so likely to enjoy the wholesome variety as he who changes his situation; and, if I may so express it, instead of waiting for a renovation of air, walks forward to meet its arrival. Thus mere motion, independent even of the benefits of exercise, becomes wholesome, by thus supplying a greater variety of that healthful fluid by which we are sustained.

Fine gentlemen, till they have been wound up by their valets, seem absolutely incapable of motion. They have no more use of their hands, for any office about their own person, than if they were paralytic: at night they must wait for their servants, before they can undress themselves and go to bed: in the morning, if the valet happen to be out of the way, the master must remain helpless and sprawling in bed, like a turtle on its back on the kitchen table of an alderman.

You know, says the sprightly Dr. Moore, in a letter to a friend, how laborious a thing it is to keep alive a dialogue with my Lord M—. The conversation either degenerates into a soliloquy on your part, or expires altogether. I was therefore exceedingly happy with the thought of a lively French Marquis being one of our party. He was uncommonly gay; addressed much of his conversation to his Lordship; tried him upon every subject, wine, women, horses, politics, and religion. He then sang *chansons à boire*, and tried in vain to get my lord to join in the chorus. Nothing would do.—He admired his clothes, praised his dog, and said a thousand obliging things of the English nation, to no purpose. His lordship kept up his silence and reserve to the last, and then drove away to the opera.

"Ma foi," said the Marquis, as soon as he went out of the room, "il a *grand talens pour le silence*, çe Milord là."

"Did you marry your wife for her fortune?" said ironically a gentleman to the husband of a rich lady with a disagreeable countenance, and a disposition resembling her face.

"Certainly not," answered he.

"Was it for the sake of her beauty?"

"No; I cannot say it was," replied the husband.

"Did you marry her for the sake of her temper?"

"Not in the least."

"In the devil's name, for whose sake did you marry such a woman?"

"I married her for *God's sake*," answered the husband with resignation.

I remember, says a witty writer, being in company with a lady who was very much painted. When she withdrew, a gentleman observed that it was a pity she painted.

I am of a different opinion, replied another gentleman present.

To me, rejoined the first, she seemed frightful with the paint.

So she did to me, said the second, but not quite so frightful as she does without it.

He who has been taught to consider that nothing in the world is so variable as the winds, must certainly be surprised to find a place where there is nothing more uniform. With us, their inconstancy has become a proverb.

But men between the tropics, in the Atlantic and Ethiopic oceans, and the navigators of the Pacific, may talk of a friend or a mistress as fixed and unchangeable as the winds, and mean a compliment by the comparison. When ships are once arrived into the proper latitudes of the Great Pacific Ocean, the mariner forgets the helm, and his skill becomes almost useless; neither storms nor tempests are known to deform the glassy bosom of that immense sheet of waters; a gentle breeze, that forever blows in the same direction, rests upon the canvas and speeds the navigator.

We are admirers of Scottish music and poetry. The works of Allan Ramsay, Burns, Ferguson and Hector Macneil, are often in our hands. Ferguson, an excellent judge, has given a very favourable opinion of the merits of Tullochgorum. The preference in the third stanza is highly to our taste.

Come, gie's a song, the lady cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What nonsense ist fa folk to chide
For what's been done before them;
Let wig and tory all agree
To drop their whigmegmorum,
Let whig and tory all agree
To spend their night wi' mirth and glee,
And chearfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph, who keeps up spite
In conscience I abhor him;
Blithe and merry we's be a'
To make a chearfu' quorum;
Blithe and merry we's be a'
As lang's we hae a breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our air Strathspeys
For half a hundred score o'm:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best
Wi' a their variorum;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want and double cess,
And silly souls themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
Like auld philosophorum;
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fet
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot
And dainties a great store o'm;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be Oppression's tool,
May Envy gnaw his rotten soul
And blackest fiends devour him!
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
And honest souls abhor him;
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whoe'er he be, that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Charlotte Smith has thus poetically apostrophized the Humming Bird. We shall read her description with delight, because, as the bird is a native, we have frequent opportunities to compare the poetical picture with the beautiful and interesting original.

Minutest of the feather'd kind,
Possessing every charm combin'd,
Nature, in forming thee, design'd
That thou should'st be
A proof within how little space
She can compose such perfect grace,
Rendering thy lovely fairy race
Beauty's epitome.

Those burnish'd colours to bestow
Her pencil in the heavenly bow
She dipp'd; and made thy plumes to glow
With every hue
That in the dancing sun-beam plays;
And with the ruby's vivid blaze
Mingled the emerald's lucid rays
With halcyon blue.

Then plac'd thee under genial skies
Where flowers and shrubs spontaneous rise,
With richer fragrance, bolder dyes
By her endued;
And bade thee pass thy happy hours
In tamarind shades and palmy bowers,
Extracting from unfailing flowers
Ambrosial food.

There, lovely Bee-Bird! mayst thou rove
Thro' spicy vale and citron grove,
And woo and win thy fluttering love
With plume so bright;
There rapid fly, more heard than seen,
'Mid orange boughs of polish'd green,
With glowing fruit and flowers between
Of purest white.

There feed and take thy balmy rest,
There weave thy little cotton nest,
And may no cruel hand molest
Thy timid bride:
Nor those bright changeful plumes of thine
Be offer'd on the unfeeling shrine
Where some dark beauty loves to shine
In gaudy pride.

Nor may her sable lover's care
Add to the baubles in her hair
Thy dazzling feathers rich and rare,
And thou, poor bird,
For this inhuman purpose bleed,
While gentle hearts abhor the deed,
And Mercy's trembling voice may plead,
But plead unheard!

Such triflers should be taught to know
Not all the hues thy plumes can show
Become them like the conscious glow
Of modesty;
And that not half so lovely seems
The ray that from the diamond gleams,
As the pure gem that trembling beams
In Pity's eye.

The following song, sung in character, is a tolerable description of the coquetry of *some* ladies:

When first I began, sir, to ogle the ladies,
And prattle soft nothings, as a pretty fellow's trade is;
Whilst with rapturous praises I dwelt on every feature,
If I stole a sly kiss, 'twas, fye, you wicked creature;
But soon, in tones lower, and softer, and sweeter,
Half pleased, they'd whisper, fye, fye, you wicked creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed,
Each evening new conquests to conquests succeeded;
Perplex'd how so many fond claims I should parry,
To settle them all, I resolv'd, faith, to marry,
And press'd lovely Laura in language still sweeter,
Till, blushing, she whisper'd, I'm yours, you wicked creature.

The Bond-street loungers have at length succeeded in introducing a fashion peculiar to themselves—the *invisible* shirt. [Lon. pap.

Sons of Mirth and Social Pleasure,
Fill the fancy stirring bowl;
Bumpers let us drink at leisure
As the fleeting moments roll;
Joyous sailing on life's ocean,
To dull care we bid adieu,
Bacchants all, you'll like my motion,
Here's a glass to charming Sue.

Vainly let the sordid miser
Heap his mountains up of gold,
We pursue a course much wiser,
Favour'd by the brave and bold;
Jolly mortals, fill your glasses,
What have we with fools to do?
Half mankind we know are asses,
Here's a glass to charming Sue.

Briskly fill your bumpers higher,
Life, ye know, is but a span,
These are precepts we admire,
The study of mankind is man;
So say the learned, bred at college,
We'll their maxims then pursue,
Pledge me from their cup of knowledge,
Here's a health to charming Sue.

With us, the furious tempest is rarely known, and its ravages are registered as an uncommon calamity; but in the countries that lie between the tropics, its visits are frequent, and its effects anticipated. In these regions the winds vary their terrors; sometimes involving all things in a suffocating heat; sometimes mixing all the elements together; sometimes with a momentary swiftness passing over the face of the country, and destroying all things in their passage, and sometimes raising whole sandy desarts in one country to deposit them in another. We have little reason, therefore, to envy these climates the luxuriance of their soil, or the brightness of their skies. Our own muddy atmosphere, that wraps us round in obscurity, though it fails to gild our prospects with sunshine, or our groves with fruitage, nevertheless answers the calls of industry. They may boast of a plentiful but precarious harvest; while, with us, the labourer toils in certain expectation of a moderate but a happy return.

During the summer, along the coasts of the Persian gulf, a very dangerous wind prevails, which the natives call the Samiel. It is attended with instant and fatal effects. This terrible blast, which was, perhaps, the pestilence of

the ancients, instantly kills all those that it involves in its passage. What its malignity consists in, none can tell, as none have survived its effects to give information. It frequently, as I am told, assumes a visible form, and darts, in a kind of bluish vapour, along the surface of the country. The natives, not only of Persia, but of Arabia, talk of its effects with terror; and their poets have not failed to heighten them with the assistance of imagination. They have described it as under the conduct of a minister of vengeance, who governs its terrors, and raises, or depresses it, as he thinks proper.

The following old song is a great favourite among the best judges. It contains an accurate journal of the vicissitudes and disappointments of life. The philosophy of this ballad is judicious, and the suggestion, that Music may allay the violence of Care's irritation, is perfectly just.

When first I came to be a man
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there and every where
Was like a morn in May:
No care I had, nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town;
I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air,
And e'en improves the mind;
On Phillis fair, above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my choice;
To Cupid then, with hearty prayer,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do;
But when, at last, I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd
With foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lover's pain.
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine:
And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply:
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan;
I hied me home, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
And would a *patriot* turn,
Began to doat on *Johnny Wilkes*,
And cry up *Parson Horne:*
Their noble spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal.
But ere a month or two was past
I found myself betray'd,
'Twas *self* and *party*, after all,
For all the stir they made;
And when I saw these *factious knaves*
Insult THE VERY THRONE,
I *curs'd them all*, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd awhile,
Still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely tried to read;
I bought and borrow'd every where,
And study'd night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean and doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way;
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully through many a page
I hunted after truth;
A thousand various schemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd with none,
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, every where,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below:
What you may fancy pleasure here
Is but an empty name,
For girls, and friends, and books are so,
You'll find them all the same:
Then be advis'd, and warning take
From such a man as me,
I'm neither Pope, nor Cardinal,
Nor one of low degree;
You'll find displeasure every where,
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe and please yourself
With John of Badenyon.

Lord Holland has just published, in England, an elegant and interesting account of the Life and Writings of Lope

Felix de Vega Carpio, the celebrated Spanish Poet. It is interspersed with specimens of the style and manner of Lope, which his Lordship has very happily translated.

The following is a short passage taken, as is stated, at random, from a comedy of little celebrity.

Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah no! the love that kills indeed
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees
Is nurs'd into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please;
But love is not its name.

For love, to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal;
Should be the first one ever knew;
In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool;
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

Love, all at once, should from the earth
Start up full grown and tall:
If not an Adam at his birth,
He is no Love at all.

Covent-Garden.

On Saturday evening, the Comedy of *Every man in his Humour*, with the Farce of *Love-à-la-Mode*, were performed at this Theatre.

The principle features in the representation was the re-appearance of Mr. Cooke, who, for some weeks, has absented himself from his public duty, in the course of which he has been twice announced to perform a distinguished character, and has as often occasioned considerable disappointment. Various reports concerning the cause of them have been afloat, of a nature very disadvantageous to the character of Mr. Cooke, as a servant of the public. His credit with the town was so far impaired in consequence, that an apprehension of the repetition of his misconduct deprived him of the honor of a crowded house.—When this gentleman made his appearance on Saturday evening, he was received with a mixture of the usual signs of approbation and censure. The indulgence of the audience, however, and the desire to hear what sort of excuse he had to offer, prevailed in procuring silence; when Mr. Cooke came forward in much apparent embarrassment, assisted by Farley, and addressed the house in nearly the following terms: "Ladies and Gentlemen, my absence the *first* night was owing to my reading *Thursday* for *Wednesday* in the *bill*. The *second* night (placing his hand on his heart, and speaking in a lower voice), *I have nothing to say*." Some marks of disapprobation ensued, and there was a cry from some quarters, where he was not distinctly heard, of "Repeat, repeat." Indulgence prevailed over all obstacles, and he was permitted to proceed. It is but justice to him to say, that he performed the character of *Kitely* in the Play, and of Sir *Archy* in the Farce, in his best manner, and received loud and frequent applause. Nothing could exceed the admirable skill which he displayed in the scene with *Cash*, in which all the workings and perturbations of jealousy were depicted with the utmost effect.

Cooke proceeds with his usual *potent spirit* to abuse the indulgence of the public. He was to have played the part of *Dumont*, in *Jane Shore*, on Tuesday evening, at Covent-Garden; but, as soon as he came on the stage, instead of being fit to display the sorrows of an affectionate husband, long divided from a disloyal, but repentant wife, it was evident that—

"The tears of the tankard were all he could shed;"

and that he was indeed in such a situation as totally disqualified him from discharging his duty. The audience testified great displeasure, and he was obliged by his condition, as well as by general indignation, to quit the stage. Murray, very good-naturedly, came forward soon after, as his substitute.

[*Morning Post.*

On Saturday week, some wag nailed up the breast-plate of a coffin on the gallery door of the Newcastle Theatre, in which was painted, in legible characters, the following curious inscription:—"*Strayed from this Theatre, all the best performers, and a most respectable audience.*" [Lon. pap.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

SCIPIO TO SALLY.

An Imitation of Horace's Ode to Lydia.

BOOK I.—ODE 13.

THE ARGUMENT.

Scipio and Sally were slaves; she belonged to M; he to the adjoining plantation. Both were favourites of their respective families, with whose approbation they had cherished a mutual attachment. The youth had been permitted to receive lessons from the tutor employed to instruct his master's children, by which he not only obtained the benefit of a common education, but acquired some knowledge of the Latin language. As he was, however, compelled to associate with none but slaves, he naturally imbibed the feelings, sentiments, and manners, of this degraded part of our species. Hence we perceive that literary attainments have less effect to polish his ideas, than to refine his expressions. He knew that Sally, when a child, had been favoured with a thousand marks of innocent endearment from her master. As she grew older, this glow of affection, which ought to have subsided, unfortunately increased to ardent and intemperate passion. Sally, however, did not immediately perceive this alarming change, so visible to the jealous eyes of her lover. To awaken her to the dangers of her situation, he addresses her in the following imitation of an Ode of Horace. We observe the effects of rage and jealousy are similar in the author and imitator. The human heart is always the same. As each belonged to a different age and country, they vary only where the difference exists in language and manners. The metaphor in the last verse is naturally suggested to the mind of a slave, whose ears must have been frequently saluted with the praises of *agriculture*, and his hands constantly employed in its pursuits.]

When Sally, Mon——llo's charms,
His saffron neck, his wither'd arms,
  Thy unsuspicious soul ensnare;
My honour with *thy* virtue dies,
With rage inflam'd, my bloodshot eyes
  In their black sockets glare.

The tears, with which my eyes are full,
Soak, as they fall, the unshav'd wool;
  The stream my sable cheek bedews.
The clothes upon my back are wet,
From every pore the reeking sweat
  Runs dribbling to my shoes.

Oh how I grin, when mad with wine,
This vigorous youth of fifty-nine
  Sweet Sally! has thy shoulder broke;
And bit with impotent desire
Thy ruddy lips, which look like fire
  Bursting through clouds of smoke.

His teeth have swell'd and made them sore,
And they were big enough before—
  Have spoilt thy kiss, which far surpasses
The sweetest pork, so white and nice
When old aunt Venus* dips a slice
  In best refin'd molasses.

Thrice happy are the man and wife,
Yok'd to a chain they drag for life,
  Remaining,† to their latest breath,
As they pull on, and plough together,
Spite of rough ground, or stormy weather,
  Most loving friends, till death.

C.

HORAT. LIB. I, OD. XIII.

AD LYDIAM.

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
  Cervicem roseam et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ, meum
  Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
  Certâ sede manet: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
  Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

Uror, seu tibi candidos
  Turpârunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ; sive puer furens
  Impressit memorem dente labris notam.

Non, si me satis audias,
  Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbarè
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
  Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.

Felices ter et ampliùs
  Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
  Supremâ citiùs solvet amor die.

137th PSALM, FROM BUCHANAN.

Where haughty Babylon's proud turrets
  grow,
Far from our country and immers'd in woe,
Pensive we sat on wide Euphrates' shore,
Our thoughts on Sion, to be seen no more.

---

* Venus, an old negro woman at M. supposed to be a witch or fortune-teller. She originated from Salem, in New-England.

† Or thus:—
  Remaining to (his) latest breath,
  As they, &c.
  (His) loving friend, &c.

We sigh'd, and tears our struggling words repress'd,
Our sorrows ran in torrents down our breast.
Our lyres neglected, and our harps unstrung,
In mournful silence on the willows hung;
When, lo! the fierce despoilers of our land,
With voice imperious, Sion-strains command;
Such as we sang when Sion's lofty towers
High rose the envy of the neighbouring powers.
Shall Babylon deride our holy strain?
Shall Babylon our sacred hymns profane?
O Solyma! and thou my country's shrine,
Enrich'd with awful majesty divine!
Can e'er that day arrive, that luckless hour,
When I forget thy glory and thy pow'r!
Nay, when I cease thy temple to admire,
May my right hand resign the sounding lyre,
Cling to my parched jaw my wither'd tongue;
Unless by me thy praises still be sung.
But thou, Almighty Ruler of the skies,
Arm'd with resentment speedily arise:
Be ever mindful of the impious race,
Who load thy chosen people with disgrace;
Sack, sack their town (who cried), destroy their fane,
Let not a single monument remain.
Thou cruel Babylon shalt also mourn,
And feel an adverse fortune in thy turn:
Thy days of happiness will soon be o'er
Thy murder'd children soon shalt thou deplore,
And see thy rocks bespatter'd with their gore.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE 4.

TO SESTIUS.

Now the surly winter 's past,
Now recedes the northern blast,
Now the vessels plough the main,
Now the spring is come again;
Now the sheep begin to stray
Where their fancy points the way:
Now the ploughmen leave the fire,
Nor the sweets of home desire;
Now the frost deserts the plains,
Now the richest verdure reigns.
When the rising moon displays
O'er the earth her silver rays,
Venus, queen of soft desires,
Leads around her beauteous choirs,
Nymphs and Graces all are seen
Gently tripping o'er the green,
While the Cyclops' stiffling fires
Vulcan's ardent breath inspires.
Now our heads with myrtle crown'd,
Or with flow'ry garlands bound,
We should sacrifice to Faun
In a grove or verdant lawn,
Whether he a kid desires
Or a tender lamb requires.
Pallid Death, with steady pace,
Still pursues the human race;
Rich and poor his call obey,
Yielding to his boundless sway:
Let us not our hopes extend,
Since our life must shortly end;
Since ere long we all must go
To the fabled ghosts below,
And to Pluto's drear domains,
Where eternal darkness reigns.
When you reach the Stygian shore
You shall throw the die no more,
Th' empire of the wine to gain,
O'er the jovial feast to reign:
Nor will you, alas! my friend,
Beauteous Lycida commend,
Who the youth with love inspires
And the maids with envy fires.

EPIGRAMS.

While Joe moves all too quick or all too slow,
No hour of joy can be the hour of Joe;
But Nic, sly rogue, is ne'er too slow nor quick,
The nick of time is still the time of Nic.

Celia her sex's foible shuns;
Her tongue no length of larum runs:
Two phrases answer every part,
One *gain'd*, one *breaks* her husband's heart;
I will, she said, when made a bride,
I won't, through all her life beside.

CRESCIT EUNDO.

The story of the wandering Jew
Proves this old theme in twofold view,
No matter whether false or true
Unless plain sense misguide us,
Doom'd through a life, that ne'er shall close,
To trudge forever on ten toes,
He must grow stronger as he goes,
And, if he don't, the *lie* does.

On a Lamp-Lighter slipping off his ladder with a lighted torch in his hand.

Though sorely bruis'd, you foolish elf,
Why damn the ladder—curse yourself?
Good fortune this you e'en may call,
Since you have had so *light* a fall.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

In a cause of three years, for three pinches of snuff
Here's a *brief* of three yards—I hope that's *brief* enough.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.